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SENSITIVE SENATORS.

They Strongly Protest Against Reference to Doubtful Affiliations.

Certain railroad senators who had commented severely on alleged conferences of some of the other kind with President Roosevelt in regard to the rate bill got a jab which they were not counting on when Senator Dilliver stated that it was better for senators to take counsel with the president of the United States than with presidents of railroad corporations. The incident was smoothed over and good nature resumed its sway, but it was evident that the shot told, even although any such consultation of senator with president may never have occurred, as not being necessary. Senators know what railroad presidents want without consultation. It is evident that senators are becoming sensitive over the reputation which that body is getting.

They have only themselves to blame for their reputation. The most of them deliberately placed themselves in a false position by accepting election. We do not know except from general report how it is in other states, but we do know that in California no one except an occasional "snake" can get into either senate or house until he has been approved by the railroad manipulators. They therefore enter office under suspicion. It is common report that the same conditions prevail in other states. Senators and congressmen are known to travel on passes and accept express, telegraph and telephone ranks which are obviously given only for the purpose of suspicion. Finally, in cases where railroad interests are at stake, their actions are disingenuous.

A notable instance is in the attitude of senators on the rate bill. The discussion centers round the right of review by the courts, of orders of the interstate commerce commission. No body wishes to prevent such review, so only that it is on the record of the evidence before the commission, and not a trial de novo. The question at issue is as to whether the court may suspend the operation of an order pending final decision. The railroads demand that. The people object to it. The disingenuousness of senators comes in when they favor a so-called "compromise" under which courts may suspend, on that condition that the railroads refund excess freight paid in case of final decision against them. Every man in public life knows that that would be complete yielding to the railroads. The issue at stake in these cases is not excess freight on a few shipments, but the trade of an individual, corporation or a community. Any excess freight paid would be absorbed by consumers long before a case would be decided, for there could be no reduction in price on the chance of winning a lawsuit, and before a suit could be decided an individual might be ruined or a community suffer irreparable loss of trade. What the railroads ask is that the time-honored rule of resolving doubts in favor of the public shall be reversed, and so long as senators treat such a proposal as a "compromise," or as even fit to be discussed, they will justly remain under suspicion.—S. P. Chronicle.

A Dandy for Burns.

Dr. Bergin, Pana, Ill., writes: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment; always recommended it to my friends, as I am confident there is no better made. 'It is a dandy for burns.' Those who live on farms are especially liable to many accidental cuts, burns, bruises, which heal rapidly when Ballard's Snow Liniment is applied. It should always be kept in the house for cases of emergency." 25c, 50c and \$1. Sold by D. J. Fry.

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Summer School

The first term of the Capital Summer Normal opens on May 1st, to continue eight weeks. Tuition \$10. Summer School of Primary Methods. Opens June 11th, to continue three weeks. Address J. J. Krape, or County Superintendent E. T. Moore, Salem, Or.

BASE BALL FLIES

One of the remarkable things about baseball is the scarcity of accidents to players. In the two major leagues alone there are 300 ball players playing 170 days a year at least, often five or six hours a day, counting practice, and yet if even one is hurt it is heralded all over the country.

There are perhaps 1,000,000 people in the United States who play ball of some form every day from April to the middle of October—that is, one person in every eighty handles a ball during the day—and at the least estimate there are 4,000 games of ball played every day in summer, and the serious accidents do not average twenty-five to the season. The number of deaths reported (or that I have seen reported) in the last ten years are fourteen—a little over one a year.

Broken fingers, spike wounds, bruises from batted balls and pitched balls, hard raps in the head, are numerous enough, but the wonder is that there are not more serious injuries. Blood poisoning from leg wounds, in cases where the colored stockings are driven into the legs of the players, is the most dreaded form of accident—not even barring collisions between players.

Jimmy Connor, now playing down east, was ruined for major league company by an accident that came near killing him. He was at bat when Big Jack Taylor of Philadelphia sent up a terrific insheet. Connor thought he had caught the signal for a fast curve, stepped in, and was dropped like a log, the ball striking him squarely in the temple. The injury made him timid at bat for years—but he got his nerve back again and is hitting them high up and far away.

Fred Lake and a big first baseman ran together on the Kansas City grounds in 1897 while after a foul fly. Both men were going at top speed and smashed their faces and bodies together, both dropping unconscious to the ground. Neither man ever fully recovered from the collision, although both played afterwards. The strange feature of the accident was that when Lake was carried off the field unconscious and seemingly fatally hurt, the ball was still clutched in his hand.

Hugh Jennings, the old Baltimore star, had an odd accident at Washington once. He was playing short and went tearing across back of third after a foul fly. The field seats there are low and protected in front by a triple row of wires. Jennings made a wild jump after the ball just as it was falling into the bleachers and got it in one hand. He had leaped instinctively to avoid a collision with the low fence, and he went between the wires and remained suspended there, kicking and struggling, but still holding the ball. Beyond a few cuts and scratches he escaped injury.

Perhaps the oddest accident that ever happened on the ball field was on the Baltimore grounds. The outfield fence there was built slanting—that is, there was an upright fence and inside that was a platform slanting from the ground to the top of the fence at an angle of about 60 degrees. Probably it was intended to put the seats there, but it was used for signs.

Willie Keeler, playing in the short right field, used to run up to that fence and catch fly balls many times—but one day, in a game against St. Louis, he miscalculated. Jim Clements hit a line drive to right, high over Keeler's head, and the speedy little fellow dashed for the fence and started to run along it after the manner of cyclists riding on a sloping track, going higher and higher. He saw that the ball was going over him and made a last despairing effort—but could not reach. Then, too late, he tried to save himself, and for an instant went sprinting along the very top of the fence—then disappeared.

The crowd sat aghast for an instant, then some of the other players dashed for the fence, but before they reached it Keeler, a little disheveled, climbed up and slid down into the grounds amid a roar of cheers.

Bill Dahlen came near ending his baseball career in a very strange way. He was at third, with Lange at bat, when Dahlen started to steal home, coming at top speed as the pitcher was winding up to pitch. The game was against New York and Roger Bresnahan, then a youngster, was catching. Dahlen relied on Lange to help him, and Lange did, stepping back as if to avoid the pitch just as Dahlen caromed across the plate in safety. The steal cost him dear, for Lange stepped on his leg and a shin bone cut resulted in blood poisoning, which came near costing him a leg.

Tom Tucker was the victim of an odd accident in Pittsburgh once. Back of first base, and just off the foul line, is a gate through which spectators are admitted to the field in case of great crowds, and one day a boulder rolled foul and went under that fence, with Tucker in wild pursuit. He tore open the gate, dashed down the alleyway and got the ball, then started back, but the gate had swung shut and four or five ardent Pittsburgh rooters were holding it there. Wagner, who hit the ball, was tearing towards third when Tucker attempted to climb the gate. He reached the top and then the rooters swung the gate open with Tom on top, and held him there until the run scored. Even Tom laughed as he came back up the field, although bruised and scratched.

An odd accident happened one time when the Cincinnati team was playing an exhibition game at Wilmington, O., the town which Charlie Murphy recently made famous. The game was played in the fair grounds, and the back stretch of the half mile track was cut through a clay hill. During the game Big Holliday rapped a long drive to right and it went over the bank, and disappeared down the cut, Bug making a home run. The next batter stepped up, the pitcher pitched—and then there was a commotion—the right fielder had disappeared. He was found on the track, with all the wind knocked out of him when he ran over the edge of the high bank in pursuit of Holliday's hit.

Jimmy Connor is the only major league player who ever was bitten by a snake during a game. The game was played by the old Chicago club at Oakland, Md., against a crowd of collegians from the nearby summer resorts. Connors was playing second base, and, in the third inning of the game, some one rolled an easy bouncer toward him. Just as he stooped to pick up the ball he straightened up, let out a war-whoop, jumped five feet into the air and lighted running, letting the ball go on. Walter Thornton, who was pitching, ran out and killed a two-foot garter snake. Connor always vowed it bit him just as he started to field the ball.

Human Blood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. H. Williams, a well known merchant of Bae, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since." It cures Hemorrhages, Chronic Coughs, Settled Colds, and Bronchitis, and is the only known cure for Weak Lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by J. C. Perry, druggist. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Proof Positive.

Daughter—But, papa, what have you against Serge? Won't he make me a good husband?

Father—He's a fool—and, anyway, he's only after your money.

"Oh, papa! I know he would marry me without my money."

"There, you see! He's a bigger fool even than I thought!"—Translated for Tales from Strekosa.

Up or Down.

On Mount Tom, in Massachusetts there is a traction system operating two cars on a cable. As one car goes up, the other comes down. The grade is an extraordinarily steep one, a fact that frequently calls forth anxious inquiries relative to the safety of the system from nervous tourists.

One afternoon a lady from Boston seated herself in the rear of the car

"ARIZONA."

Shariot M. Hall in "Out West" for February, 1906.
No beggar she in the mighty hall where her buy-crowned sisters wait,
No empty-handed pleader for the right of a free born estate,
No child, with a child's insistence, demanding a gilded toy,
No fair browed, queenly, woman, strong to create or destroy—
Wise for the need of the sons she has bred in the school where weaklings fall,
Where cunning is less than manhood, and deed, not words, avail—
With the high, unswerving purpose that measures and overcomes,
And the faith in the Farthest Vision that bulled her hard won homes,
Link her, in her clean proved fitness, in her right to stand alone—
Secure for whatever future in the strength that her past has won—
Link her, in her morning beauty, with another, however fair?
And open your jealous portal and bid her enter there
With shakles on wrist and ankle, and dust on her stately head,
And her proud eyes dim with weeping? No! Bar your doors instead,
And seal them fast forever! but let her go her way—
Unowned if you will, but unshackled, to wait for a larger day.
Ay! Let her go bare headed, bound with no grudging gift,
Back to her own free spaces where her rock-ribbed mountains lift
Their walls like a sheltering fortress—back to her house and blood,
And we of her blood will go our way and reckon your judgment good,
We will wait outside your sullen door till the stars you wear grow dim
As the pale dawn stars that swim and fade o'er our mighty Canyon's rim.
We will lift no hand for the bays ye wear, nor covet your robes of state—
But ah! by the skies above us all, we will shame ye while we wait!
We will make ye the mold of an empire here in the land ye scorn,
While ye drowse and dream in your well housed ease that states at your nod are born.

Ye have blotted your own beginnings, and taught your sons to forget
That ye did not spring fat fed and old from the powers that bear and beget.
But while ye follow your smooth made roads to a fire side safe of fears,
Shall come a voice from a land still young, to sing in your age dulled ears
The hero song of a strife as fine as your fathers' fathers knew,
When they dared the rivers of unmapped wilds at the will of a bark canoe—
The song of the deed in the doing, of the work still hot from the hand;
Of the yoke of man laid friendly wise on the neck of a tamed land.
While your merchandise is weighing, we will bit and bridle and rein
The floods of the storm rocked mountains and lead them down to the plain;
And the foam ribbed, dark husd waters, fired from that mighty race,
Shall lie at the feet of palm and vine and know their appointed place;
And out of that subtle union, desert and mountain flood,
Shall be borne a nation's choosing, where no home else had stood.
We will match the gold of your minting, with its mint stamp dulled and marred
By the tears and blood that have stained it and the hands that have clutched too hard.

With the gold that no man has lied for—the gold no woman has made
The price of her truth and honor, plying a shameless trade—
The clean, pure gold of the mountains, straight from the strong, dark earth,
With no tang or taint upon it from the hour of its primal birth.
The trick of the money changer, shifting his coins as he wills,
Ye may keep—no Christ was bartered for the wealth of our lavish hills,
"Yet we are a little people—too weak for the cares of state!"
Let us go our way! When ye look again ye shall find us, mayhap, too great
Cities we lack—and gutters where children snatch for bread;
Numbers—and hordes of starvelings, toiling but never fed.
Spare pains that would make us greater in the pattern that ye have set;
We hold to the larger measure of the men that ye forget—
The men who, from trackless forests and prairie lone and far,
Hewed out the land where ye sit at ease and grudge us our fair-won star.
"There yet be men, my masters," though the net that the trickster flings
Lies wide on the land to its bitter shame, and his cunning parleyings
Have deafened the ears of Justice, that was blind and slow of old,
Yet Time, the last Great Judge, is not bought, or bribed, or sold;
And Time and the Race shall judge us—not a league of trifling men,
Selling the trust of the people, to barter it back again;
Palming the lives of millions as a handful of easy coin,
With a single heart to the narrow verge where craft and statecraft join.

that was about to make its ascent of the mountain, and it was at once observed by several that she was extremely anxious as to the outcome of her temerity.

"Is this car perfectly safe?" asked she of the conductor.

"It is considered to be, madam," was the answer.

"Have there never been any accidents?"

"None to speak of, ma'am—that is, no serious ones."

The lady sighed uneasily. "I was wondering," she observed, "what would become of me if the cable should break when we were reaching the top of the mountain."

"That would depend upon how you had spent your past life, ma'am," quietly replied the conductor.—Harper's Weekly.

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